And you giue him for my sake but one louing kisse.

Prin. Come, to our Pauilion, *Boyet* is disposde.

Bo. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclosd.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Lad. Thou art an old Loue-monger, & speakest skilfully.

Lad. 2. He is *Cupids* Graundfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 3. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?

Lad. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for mee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Braggart* and his *Boy*.

Bra. Warble child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernes of yeeres, take this Key, giue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him festinatly hither, I must imploy him in a letter to my loue.

Boy. Maister, will you win your loue with a french braule?

Brag. How meanest thou? brawling in French.

Boy. No my complet Maister, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues ende, canarie to it with your feete, humour it with turning vp your eylids, sigh a note and sing a note sometime through the throate, if you swallowed loue with singing loue sometime through: nose as if you snuffe vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse like ore the shop of your eyes, with your armes crost on your thinbellies doblet like a Rabbet on a spit, or your handes *in* your pocket like a man after the olde painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complementes, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these.

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy.